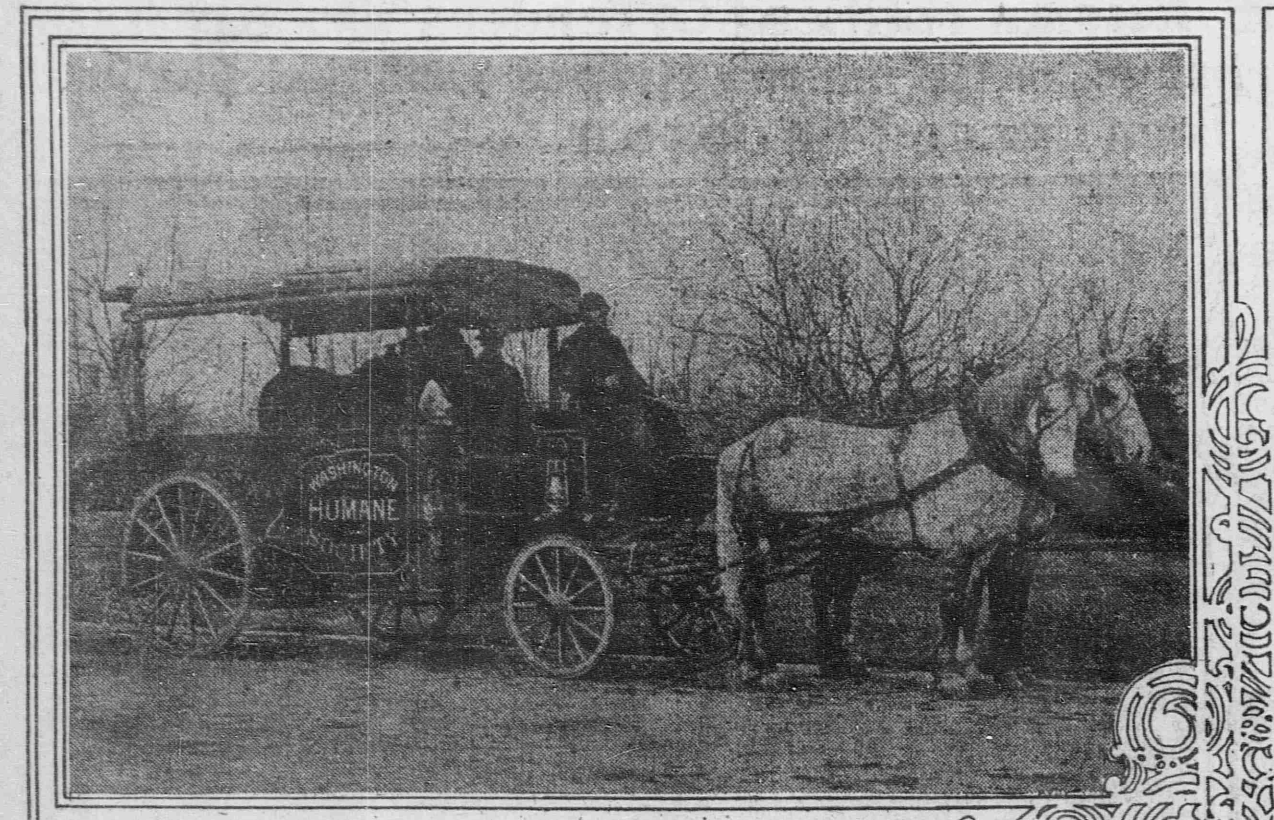


A HOT DAY WITH the HUMANE SOCIETY.



Times Reporter Makes a Round With One of the Five Agents Who Prevent Torture of Dumb Animals in Washington.

HOW far have civilized men and women, so called, the right to chastise dumb animals belonging to them or children whom they have brought into the world?

How many citizens of Washington have sufficient initiative or kindness of heart—a combination of both is necessary—to correct a wrong done to a helpless animal or child?

These are questions which a hot day with the Washington Humane Society suggest. They are questions by no means easy to answer. The right of an irate parent to punish his child by a preference for food off the mantelpiece has been argued by every debating society and mothers' club organized since the days of Adam and Eve, who were probably the originators of all the trouble. Many kind-hearted men hold that a spanking in time saves something worse later on. The intent of the spanker may be worthy of consideration. Does he spank to correct or merely because he is angry and wants to get even or go the child one better?

There's not the slightest doubt in the world that when the latter is the true cause of the beating the man or woman who does the beating deserves to be reduced to the consistency of whipped cream.

But how many persons in Washington, even when they see with their own eyes acts of cruelty, will raise a hand to stop them? The old adage, "Don't meddle in other people's business, hangs over them like a bugaboo, or else they shelter themselves behind it. It's very convenient to have such a shelter at times.

No Corner on Milk of Human Kindness. Because of this very reluctance on the part of the average citizen to take a hand in seeing cruelty stopped, and because it is, after all, necessary to have the law, or at least the arm of the law, on your side in matters of today, the Humane Society was organized by a few of the men and women who were willing to take the initiative, to mingle in other people's business, to have the law on their side. Because the society does meddle with other people's business, there will always be a number of persons to cry it down, usually because they are afraid that at some future time it may have a look at their own particular business.

If there is a lingering suspicion in your mind that there is really no need for the existence of the Humane Society in Washington, that after all the Capital of the Nation has a corner on the milk of human kindness, spend a day with the five agents who patrol the streets from early in the morning until late at night. This is the time of year above all others when their vigilance is most needed, both because of the strain on horses and mules due to intense heat and because drivers' tempers are worn to a shred by this same heat. Anybody knows that it is a whole lot easier to be good natured on a cool day than on a day when the thermometer registers 95 in the shade and not a mint julep in sight, or even a mug of suds.

148 Horses Dead in a Day.

A little more than a week ago, in a short twenty-four hours, 148 horses died from heat prostration in this city. It wasn't that they were called upon to do more work than they were accustomed, merely the extraordinary conditions which put them down and out. And it is largely for just such conditions that the agent of the Humane Society must be constantly on the lookout. He must warn the driver and the owner of the danger to their animals. If the warning is not observed he must arrest. If the matter has gone too far, and the horse or mule lies on the soft hot pavement, he must give the first aid to the injured or the last.

As soon as the agent has disposed of the cases which he brought to court the day before he climbs into his covered carriage and drives slowly through the city—each agent has a fifth of the city assigned to him, about two police precincts. He scans carefully each horse or team that he passes. Long practice has made it possible for him to tell at a glance whether or no a horse is lame, has a sore back, or is pulling a load beyond his strength. It is his business to notice such things, and the novice is astonished sometimes to see the agent pull in his horse and

hop out of his carriage to examine what appears to be a healthy team. The work of the Humane Society has become so well known throughout the city that the driver of a lame horse is suspicious of every man who scans his animal closely. In fact, the mere knowledge of the existence of this agency for the prevention of cruelty to animals probably prevents far more cases of cruelty than the agents actually investigate.

Coming along the street is a rickety covered wagon of the "express-for-hire" type. The horse that draws it limps painfully. On the box of the wagon are a colored driver and his wife, who crane their necks anxiously when the agent leans out of his buggy to look at the horse.

A Timely Warning. "Hold on a minute," calls the agent. Obeyingly the wagon comes to a halt. The drivers have learned that the best thing for them to do is to stop when the agent of the Humane Society gives the word. And though the agents do not wear a uniform, they are merely special policemen in plain clothes, the man who is driving a lame horse can make a pretty swift guess at who is speaking to him.

"Your horse is lame," says the agent, who has by this time turned his carriage around and caught up with the wagon in question.

"Lame?" The surprise, innocence, incredulity expressed in that one word would convict a saint.

"Yes, lame. Don't you know what that is?"

"Where," says the driver, looking carefully at the horse's left ear.

"In her right foreleg."

"She's just sprung in the knees, sah. Deed she is. I done had her ever since she was a little thing an' she was always jest like that."

"There's no doubt but what the lameness was sprung in the knees. They resembled a golf club rather than a knee."

"Walk her up a bit and let me see how she goes," said the agent.

"She may be sprung, but she's lame, too, and in the shoulder as well as the knees. Don't let me catch you driving that horse about the streets again until she is all right. Hear."

The negro driver away tickled to death that he has gotten off this time with nothing worse than a warning.

This warning is typical of perhaps a dozen more that the agent will make during the day. And it is these warnings which do so much good and prevent many bad cases of driving lame animals.

Making an Arrest.

A little farther on his route the agent meets a horse which winces perceptibly when the harness draws tight across his back. There is no reason for this on the surface but the agent gets down and pulls back the saddle and finds a dark, raw sore on the horse's back, the mark of a whip. The agent gives him an inkling where to look for the trouble. It is such a flagrant case of cruelty that the agent makes an arrest immediately. When the driver lands at the police station he deposits his \$10 collateral. The chances are that he will never appear to defend the case. Sometimes, but comparatively rarely, the man who has been arrested for cruelty to animals will demand a jury trial. If the collateral is large which he has been compelled to leave at the Police Court he is more likely to make a request for trial in the hope of getting back the money.

Every driver of a brick wagon carries with him a card showing just how many bricks he has in his load. When the agent sees a pair of horses or mules sinking their feet into the soft asphalt and making little headway, he holds up the wagon and demands the driver's card. If the load is excessive he warns the driver, and as soon as he can get to a telephone he talks to the manager of the brick company, and tells him in no uncertain tones that the citizens of Washington will not stand for his overloading his teams, and that he had better see to it that the matter is not brought to court. If the brickman does not comply with the suggestion to put a few less bricks in a load he soon finds himself in an uncomfortable position, and also in a fair way to lose money in fines.

The telephone has its part in the work-

The Horse Ambulance.

L. Driver

In the centre is shown a section of Iron Pipe taken from a white driver.

Agent Rabbitt making drivers "double up teams" on a steep grade.

Looking for sores under the harness.

Demanding driver's card to discover number of bricks in load.

has been beating his horse or who knows that he is driving a very lame animal will try to escape the agent if he sees him coming. Rarely, however, will he try to escape in the wagon or carriage. He throws the reins over the dashboard and makes for cover, as fast as his legs will carry him, and he does not have to be whipped to make good time either. As the agent was walking home at the end of a hot day's work, he saw a driver he knew, for he had had him up before for cruelty to his horse, walking his horse toward him. The old horse could hardly hobble, and looked as though he had been driven within an inch of his life.

Trying to Escape an Agent.

The agent called out to the driver to stop. But the driver recognized him, and instead of stopping, laid the whip across the horse's back as though he were beating the dust out of a carpet. To the astonishment of the agent the old horse lit out at a gallop. Some boys, who were playing in the street, offered to catch up with the wagon, and the agent told them to go ahead, and to let him know when they had found it.

When the agent finally came up with that wagon he found the horse unhitched, its harness off and tied to one of the rear wheels. No driver in sight. The horse was gasping for breath and covered with welts from the whipping. After he had seen the horse watered and made as comfortable as possible, the agent left. He knew where to find his man. During the night the driver returned and took away his horse and wagon. But, unfortunately, the matter did not end there for him.

While the work of the society has to do largely with horses and mules, it also keeps watch over the other dumb animals of the District. Dogs, cats and chickens all have their share of protection. There is a special agent to care for these small animals. He is called upon many times a day to take away stray cats and dogs, especially the former. The society has a plant on Thirty-second street, where these animals are killed if the society finds it impossible to get homes for them.

Cruelty to chickens strikes the uninitiated as something strange and unheard of. How is it possible to be cruel to a chicken? Stomping them, setting dogs on them and chasing them are a few of the ways, not to mention fighting them. One man was caught and fined not long ago who had trained his dog to chase chickens, but to kill them and bring them to him. This was a lucrative business. Chicken fights are uncommon today in the District. Whenever chicken fanciers arrange a fight they make plans to go into Maryland, where they will not be arrested, even if an officer of the law is standing by unless a warrant is first sworn out. They count upon getting back to the District line before one can be procured.

Cases of cruelty to children are investigated by an agent especially assigned to that work. Each year he investigates upward of 300 cases which have been reported to the society. Working with the Board of Children's Guardians, he finds them homes or makes their lot at home easier by threatening the parents with the law if they do not cease mistreating their children.

Active Cruelty More Striking.

The cases of overdriving and severe beatings while no more cruel than other cases which are due to neglect rather than to active cruelty strike home to the public mind more forcibly. Not long ago two negroes hired two horses from a livery stable, and taking two girls with them went for a drive. It was a stiflingly hot night. But the men raced these horses from one end of the town to the other and far out into the country. When they got back to Scott circle one of the horses dropped and died in his tracks. The other reached the stable, but had to be killed later. Such cases are not as infrequent as might be imagined.

Sometimes, not often, a driver who

Hundreds of flies swarmed about him and he moved his head fitfully in an effort to shake them off. He was too weak to get up out of the mud and too strong to die at least for the next few hours.

The agent discovered that the horse belonged to an ice company which owned the adjoining stable and also the shed. The horse had been foundered a few days before and had been left to stand in the home-made marsh under the shed. Now to stand in a marsh is a good thing for a horse that has been foundered, but to lie in it is another proposition. For hours this horse had lain there. There was not a soul about the stable. The horse had grown weaker and weaker as the hot hours went by. How long he would have been allowed to lie there had not the Humane Society taken a hand in the case it is impossible to say, but it is not improbable that he would have stayed there in the mud until he died.

When the man in charge of the ice companies' horses had been found he declared that it was not his fault, and getting his men he had the horse picked out of the mud hole and washed. The animal was too weak even to eat. It may have been undoubtedly true—that the horse was sick. The cruelty came in allowing him to lie in the condition in which he was found by the agent of the Humane Society. Some one was responsible for it and some one should suffer for it, and what is to the point, some one did.

A careful watch is kept by the society wherever large contract work, calling for much hauling, goes on. At the filtration plant, the Union station, the

new Times building, and a score of other places where large buildings are going up the agents spend a good bit of their time each day seeing that the animals are not overworked or beaten unmercifully.

A small crowd of laborers had gathered about an object lying on the ground at one of these places. It was a horse. "The heat had done it," said the driver, and there was no doubt about the truth of his assertion, as far as it went. The agent advised the men what to do for the animal's relief, and they worked over him for some time. The horse was too far gone, however. It was clear that he would never be of value again even if he lived a few days longer. The agent told the owner of the horse and advised him to have the horse killed.

There is just one spot in a horse's head in which to shoot him and kill him instantly. It is about the size of a quarter of a dollar. Unless this spot is reached it may be necessary to shoot the horse several times before he finally dies. The agents of the Humane Society have all been trained to pick this exact spot. Invariably when there is a horse to kill the police call upon them to do it. So in this case the owner of the horse asked the agent to end the sufferings of the horse and he did.

THE WORK OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY SUMMARIZED FOR A YEAR

By Agent Rabbitt.

By Agent Haynes.

By Agent Wright.

By Agent Morris.

By Agent Johnson.

10 months.

Total.

Number of animals examined.. 4,497

Remedied without prosecution.. 4,361

Prosecuted..... 236

Convicted..... 236

Acquitted..... 11

Cases of animals unfit to work 212

Animals abandoned to die..... 6

Animals killed by agents..... 27

Cases of beating or whipping..... 15

Cases of overloading..... 11

Cases of overdriving..... 6

Driving when galled..... 33

Driving when lame..... 152

Lack of food or shelter..... 16

Setting dog on chickens..... 1

Am't collected in Police Court. \$1,196.67

Fines uncollected..... 402.37

Personal bonds..... 10

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